Loues Complaint

VVith
The Legend of Orpheus and Euridice.

Bella canam, quando scripta puella mea est.

AT LONDON
Printed by I. R. for Humfrey Lownes, and are to bee solde at the VVest doore of Paules.
1597.

To his worthy louing Friend, Ma. Anthonie Gibſonne, Groome in ordinarie of the Queenes Maieſties moſt honorable Chamber, *H. L.* wiſheth health and harts deſire.

KInde Maiſter Gibſonne, *if antiquitie be not the breach of good cuſtoms, as it is the ruine of beſt faſhions, I may boldly imagine with my forefathers to ſeale a moſt kinde loue with the print of imprinted Letters; Preſerue it I beſeech you as a deede of gift, wherein I haue bequeathed all the goods of mine affection, yet leaſt you ſhould iudge for mine owne imperfections ſake the recorde to be imperfect, aſſure your ſelfe it was drawne by an Aduocate worthy enough to be Iudge of the Muſes greateſt contentions. Eſteeme him, it, and mee: Mee, as one whom acquainted friendſhippe teacheth to me-*

urs: It, as the monument in which those fauours buried haue perpetuitie: Him, as an exquisite Architeckt, that when hee pleaseth, can forme models of better eternitie, all as the ioynt wishers, that you may attaine the best blisse of your owne wishes. And the rather, for that I assure my selfe the matter is not altogether vnfitting your heroicke humor, beeing a louer of learning.

Your affectionate
H. L.

¶ To the Gentlemen Readers.

BEholding (Gentlemen) with wonder the flouriſhing of our Engliſh Poetry, and drawne by the hart-rauiſhing harmonie of their celeſtiall Muſicke, willing to become a Scholler in that Schoole, whoſe teaching is ſo delightfull, and whoſe knowledge the Tempe and ſumme of all pleaſure; I gaue my ſelfe to the ſtudy of that ſoule-pleaſing Arte of Poetrie, with greater hope peraduenture then effect. Yet howſoeuer (Gentlemen) I preſent vnto you this Infant of my Muſe, you ſhall embolden her by your fauour to bring forth more fruites, which without your kindnes ſhall be

...ne Reader.

...ted in eternall barrainnes: If the humilli-...e of the verſe diſlyke, this ſomwhat ſatisfies, ...hat the ſubiect was but meane, ſtill liuing ob-ſcurely, vntill ſtird vp by his VViues death, he wonne fame vnwilling, and gaine by his loſſe. If any thing elſe diſpleaſe, my Muſe ſhall aske pardon for her tender yeares, who if ſhee had ſpent but halfe a Luſtrum in learning euerie one of her Siſters names, ſhe had not yet come to *Calliope*. Thus truſting to your gentle acceptance, *Orpheus* ſendeth you his Tragedie, hoping for that fauour which in his lyfe hee could not finde.

To the faireſt Iulia.

REceiue ſweet Maide the accents of my woe,
The dolefull tunes from out my martred hart:
And when I die, ſay but; hee lou'd mee ſo
And that will ſome-what eaſe my raging ſmart:
Say (ſweet) that theſe were once thy Louers lines
Who with thy loue conſumed, daily pines.

Then ſhall I thinke not all my labour loſt,
Though thou art loſt, the ſcope of all my paine,
And of thy little will I dying boaſt,
Seeing thy all I cannot dying gaine.
Thy all is my all, which ſince thou doſt denie,
My all decayes, and I forſaken die.

You

Loues complaints.

You ſilly words, poore Oratours for me,
Goe to my loue whereas ſhee doth reioyce,
And for your wofull Maiſter pleaders be,
And repreſent his lamentable voice,
Feare not though you but words, no pitty find,
For that vnto my ſelfe is not aſſign'd.

Perhaps ſhe will within her boſome ſet you,
And when her hand ſhe careleſſe putteth in,
VVhen as ſhe doth (as ſhe doth ſtill) forget you,
Then may you touch her Alablaſter skin.
So ſhall you happie by your fauour gaine
That which your Maiſter neuer could obtaine.

Still

Loues complaints.

Still doe I moane, and ſtill my moanes repeate,
But her indurate hart will nere relent,
Still doe her eyes conſume me with their heat,
The ſcorching heat frō her ſweet ſun-beames ſent:
And when vnto her hart I ſue for eaſe,
It ſtill denies my furie to appeaſe.

Thus doe her eyes and hardned hart conſpire
For to conſume me in this languiſhment,
Her eyes which kindle my inflamed fire,
Her hart which neuer knoweth to relent,
Yet though my woes cannot her hardnes moue,
Falſe hope cōmaunds me to maintaine my loue.

VVhen

Loues complaints.

VVhen as her face is abſent from my eyes
Then is my hart robd of his chiefe delight,
The place where my ſweet ioy and ſolace lyes,
The hurtfull pleaſing obiect of my ſight
Then doe I want the fuell of my fire
Which doth maintaine my chaſt inflam'd deſire.

And when I ſee her, then I pine againe
Thinking vpon her harts vnmouednes,
Yet ſhe's my Loue, though cauſe of all my paine,
Through her vngentle minds cruell ſtedfaſtnes:
Hence may ſhe ſee that ſince ſhe works my woe
Great is my loue that ſtill will loue her ſo.

Great

Loues complaints.

Great is my loue that ſtill will loue her ſo,
And yet ſhe cruell doth my loue deſpiſe,
Nor doth a reward for my cares beſtow,
Not a good looke frō her ſweet frowning eyes: (me,
Sweet, thogh their frowns w wretched ſorrow fill
Sweet, thogh their lowring influence doth kill me.

I knock againſt her hart to let me in,
To keepe me from diſpaires black Winters froſt,
But there whereas I thought t'haue harbour'd bin,
I moſt was with misfortunes billowes toſt:
To ſend her Loue for mine was all my ſute,
But ſhe ſends back diſdaine for my loues fruite.

If

Loues complaints.

If thou (ſweet loue) among thoſe ſweeteſt three
VVhich ſtroue for *Iupiters* faire golden ball,
Shouldeſt (as their companion) numbred bee,
And they t'alot their fortunes did me call,
Thee would I iudge the worthieſt of the three,
For with thy nature beſt it doth agree.

The gold is bright, and thou art alſo bright,
That came from heauen, and thou celeſtiall,
That doth delight the eye, and thou the ſight,
And gold is hard, and thou art hard withall:
But in this one thou art vnlike, my loue,
For gold will melt, but thou wilt neuer moue.

My

Alluding to Promethius.

My hart is ſubiect of thy crueltie,
Vnto thy hart my hart is ſtrongly chaind,
VVhile as it is conſumed by thy beautie,
And by the loue of thee it is maintaind:
Thy hart the Rock where my poore hart is tied,
Thy beautie is the bird not ſatiſ-fied.

Looſing my loue hence may I be releaſed,
Yet neuer will I be releaſd from hence,
Hoping that once thy minde will be appeaſed,
And wilt requite me for thy firſt offence.
Fooliſh I, ſuffring loue thus to confound me,
And ſhe vnkind, who for my loue doth woũd me.

Continuall

Loues complaints.

Continuall drops falling from higher place
Doe penetrate the hardnes of the ſtones;
Continuall teares haue fallen from my face,
Deepe fetched ſighes and ſad lamenting grones
Come from the Ceſterns of my pained ſoule
Which doe the greatnes of my griefe enroule.

Theſe haue I ſent and ſacrifiz'd to her
To pierce the hardnes of her ſtony mind,
But with my ſighs and moanes I cannot woe her,
Nor can I out-caſt, any pitty find: (weares,
Hard ſtone which with great dropping ſcarcely
But harder ſhe not pierc'd with moanes & teares.

Mine

Loues complaints.

Mine eyes were firſt the Traytours of my peace,
Which ſuffered thy forme to enter in,
Where cruelly now it dooth neuer ceaſe
To plague my hart for mine eyes former ſin.
Vngentle ſhee that for mine eyes amiſſe,
Robbeth my hart of all her worldly bliſſe.

Yet if thou wilt be iuſt, then puniſh thoſe,
Thoſe faithleſſe keepers of my Treaſurie,
And to them ſtill thy beautie doe oppoſe,
And wreake thy wrath on my deceitfull eye,
Which while it looketh with continuall gazing,
Wound it with admiration and amazing.

Loues complaints.

Long haue I pray'd to leaue her ſtony hart,
Yet neuer will ſhe end her cruelty,
Nor from her hardned Nature will depart
But ſtill doth exerciſe her tiranny:
Sending me frownes back for my recompence
Hurting wher I had thought t'haue found defence.

VVherefore if ſtill thy mind be hardly bent,
And if thou ſtony alwaies wilt remaine,
Yet let my ſelfe inuent my puniſhment,
And chooſe the ſtony worker of my paine,
I will be Iron, thou a Loadſtone bee,
So ſhall I kiſſing euer cleaue to thee.

Her

Loues complaints.

Her eye, the Sunne, from out her heauenly ſphere
Hath ſhin'd vpon mine eye, the Chriſtall glaſſe
Whoſe fiery beames when they contracted were,
Forth-with to my inflamed hart did paſſe,
Where reſting in my harts conſuming ſeate
They ſcorch it with an euer-torrent heare.

Thus euer doth her Sunne conſume my hart
Denying me the darks alternall reſt
Leaſt with the light my ſorrow ſhould depart,
And I ſhould feele the pleaſures of the bleſt,
This makes them, who obtaine their loues delight
To blame the lingring Sun, and praiſe the light.

Loues complaints.

My hart, the roote of her affection,
Hope of her loue the tree, from that did grow,
My praiſe of her, like boughes did ſpring thereon,
My teares did water it which there did flow;
She is the owner of my growing ſtock,
She, at whoſe dore my ſad laments doe knock.

VVho with her hard hart, that ſharpe yron knife,
Cuts downe the tree & boughes w^ faire did ſpread,
And hurts herſelfe for to deſtroy my life,
Not caring ſo her ire be ſatiſ-fied.
So ſhe hath left the roote a wofull hart,
And flowing teares the iſſues of my ſmart.

My

Loues complaints.

My faireſt faire (as her hard hart doth proue)
Proceeded from the ſtone-tranſ-formed kinde,
Which, whē all drowned were on earth that moue,
Being caſt behind, their natiue formē reſign'd:
And yet ſhe doth deny to me (vnkind)
That, by which firſt her being ſhe did find:

My little world, this my bodies frame
Is drown'd in teares, and dead to earthly ioy:
Diſdaine the ſtone which may reuiue the ſame
And giue that life which erſt it did deſtroy:
Then caſt that ſtone behind, recall againe
Him, that is dead to ioy, aliue to paine.

 Admiring

Loues complaints.

Admiring her faire forme and louely face,
Her ſwecteſt beauty and her comly feature,
Adorned with a well-beſeeming grace.
Wonder vnto her ſexe a rareſt creature;
I thought whereto I might her worth compare
Which like her might be bright & like her faire.

Then to the Planets I did liken her,
For both doe ſhine and both are paſſing bright,
And both the royall ſeates of Gods doe beare
(For *Cupid* is a God, though wanting ſight)
Onely the Spheres doe turne & change their way
But th'hardnes of her hart doth euer ſtay.

In

Loues complaints.

In ſorrowes darknes and diſpaires black night
I long haue watch'd and wearied mine eyes,
Wailing my woe and my diſtreſſed plight,
Waiting when my ſweet Day-ſtars light ſhould riſe:
Which might remoue frō me ỹ night of ſorrow
And bring vnto me comforts brighteſt morrow.

But neuer did her Sunne to me appeare
VVhich might expell the clouds of miſery
Nor euer did the fauour of my deare,
Take hence the darknes of her cruelty,
Yet will I hope becauſe the longeſt night
Endeth at length and yeeldeth to the light.

The

Loues complaints.

The Ship is hope, loue is the Ocean mayne,
The Land is reſt, which I haue left behind,
I wandred in the Sea with hope t'attaine
Thoſe bleſſed Iles which no man yet could finde,
The chiefeſt manſions of the ritcheſt treaſure,
The ſweeteſt harbours of all humane pleaſure.

And as I wandred, hapleſſe Marriner,
And ſearch'd the wayleſſe waies of wofull loue,
Directing all my doubtfull courſe to her,
Whom neuer yet my chaſteſt vowes could moue,
I ranne my ſhip againſt her hart, the rock,
Which rented it in peeces with the knock.

VVhen

Loues complaints.

VVhen firſt the ſickneſſe of my hart did greeue me
I ſought for Phiſicks rules and learned skill,
And all the wayes I vs'd that could releeue me,
But my harts griefe with me remained ſtill,
Then hearbs vnto my ſicknes I applied
But nothing could me help which I had tried.

Then Loue a good Phiſition bad me goe
To my Fayrs Garden, a ſweet Paradice
And ſmell the Roſes which therein doe growe
And that to cure my malady will ſuffice:
Then let me (ſweet) but ſmell thy Roſes ſauour,
I will not pluck vnleſſe I haue thy ſauour.

When

Loues complaints.

VVhen I doe plaine the hardnes of my loue
I ſay her hart is all of ſtone compackt,
But that's vntrue, as the euent doth proue,
And gentle mercy which ſhe euer lackt,
For hardeſt ſtone with Iron ſledges ſtroke
Hath yeelded to it and in peeces broke.

I with my pray'rs haue ſtroke her hardned hart,
And with my vowes haue tried her conſtancy
And ſighing, prayed her to lay apart
Her cruell hardnes and her tiranny:
Weeping I ſwore to her that I did burne
Yet by my teares and oath ſhe will not turne.

Loues complaints.

I thought to baniſh loues conſuming rage
To reſt in peace, and quench my wonted flame
And my rebelling hart for to aſſwage,
And with obliuion to ſtint the ſame:
But in againe there crept the former fier
Which burned more & more once kindled by her.

And now it rageth far and eateth out
The confines which are bord'rers by his heate,
And will conſume the parts which be about
Vnleſſe ſome Limites to his rage be ſet:
Wherfore ſince firſt the fier begun from thee
Thou (faire) th'encloſure and the chimney bee.

My

Loues complaints.

My Faireſt hath a comb and hony in it,
Sweet hony ſweeter then what ſweeteſt is,
Happy are thoſe who any time haue ſeene it,
But they that taſted it haue perfect blis,
Which when to touch I offred with my tung,
Shee for my offer me vngently ſtung.

VVho though of it ſhe haue ſufficient plenty
Yet ſuffreth ſhe the poore to pine away,
Worthy to be accus'd for little bounty
Who hauing much will ſee a man decay,
Couetous ſhe, who hauing honies ſtore
Will ſee vs poore to dye at honies dore.

My

Loues complaints.

My Deare is faire as *Ledas* Lemmon was
Like to a Swan, bright, beautifull is ſhe,
But that in brightnes ſhe a Swan doth paſſe
(If brighteſt bright brighter then Swan may be)
Like to a Swan ſhe tuneth her ſweet voyce
VVhich can allure Gods by her muſick noyce.

But why doe I her to a Swan compare?
A Swan doth chooſe her Loue, but ſhe will none,
And though like to a Swan ſhe be moſt faire
Yet this ſhe's vnlike; ſhe is alone:
But if that needs my Loue will be a Swan,
Vnpierced Troian *Cignus* ſhe is than.

Poore

Loues complaints.

Poore *Ouid*, who ſo long in Art of loue
Thy time didſt ſpend, and ruling loue by lawe,
Thy fooliſh Art cannot my Faire remoue
Nor can thy precepts keepe her thoughts in awe:
Ah ſimple Art and fooliſh he that made thee
Happy were I, if I had not aſſayd thee.

But why ſhould I of learned Art complaine
And profitable rules and cunning skill
Becauſe hard Art is cauſe of all my paine,
Art, which I could not get though ſeeking ſtill,
VVhich while I ſighing ſound with aſpiration
That Art is hart, cauſe of my deſperation.

I am

Loues complaints.

I am the ground whereon my Faire doth ſit,
My teares the ſhowers which doe fall thereon,
Her eyes the Sun-beames which doe comfort it,
Her hart the Iron plough that works vpon,
All theſe haue I, no more hath other ground,
Yet like them I in fruite doe not abound.

The owners is the fault, for ſhe with ſtones
And hardnes choakes my fading fruitfulnes,
VVhich keepe away the ſhowers, which my mones
The clouds, do ſend to make the fruite increaſe:
Then ſweet remoue your hardnes and your ſtone,
And you and I ſhall fructifie anone.

Becauſe

Loues complaints.

Becauſe I ſayd my Faire was hard to me,
She was offended with my words ſo bold,
And ſince againſt her beauties ſou'raigntie
My ouer-daring tongue hath treaſon told,
She ſayes that for my boldnes I ſhall dye
Looſing that part wherein my tongue doth lye.

Then ſith I needs but by thy ſentence giuen
Take puniſhment of mercy-ſcorning Death,
In this my dayes darknes-declining euen
I aske but one boone ere I leaue my breath,
Be thou the block and let my Loue lye vnder,
And then I willingly will part aſunder.

Vnder

Loues complaints.

Vnder the hill whereon my comfort lyes
Runnes a ſweet Riuer which can quench my flame,
The middeſt of which hill all rocky is,
How ſhould I then hope to dig through the ſame,
Yet Loue the workman diggeth on this hill
And though he little gaines, yet hopes he ſtill.

Yet hope is vaine, for that hill ſtony is,
And ſhe doth ſweare not to remoue it thence,
Then how ſhould I attaine that well of blis,
Or thinke my furious flames to rid from hence,
Onely if thou thy hard hart wilt remoue
Then ſhall I digg and diue into thy loue.

Loues complaints.

Then Faire remoue that rocke from out thy hill
VVhich ſtops the paſſage to that ſacred Riuer,
For what is vertue, if thy hardnes will
Hide it, nor euer men from paine deliuer:
Or what's the worth of all thy ſtreames ſo cleare,
If thou denieſt Louers to come neare?

Then open thoſe thy ſtony Porters gates
And ſith thy waters currant neuer ſtayes,
Impart the bleſſednes which thee awaites,
Suffer me to come into thoſe pureſt wayes,
Then let me in, open that enuious dore,
If I offend then will I come no more.

Shee

Loues complaints.

Shee hath begot two children, Care, and Griefe,
Disfigur'd Infants of deformed ſeede,
VVhom now ſhe ſcornes, d nying them reliefe,
Saying ſuch filthy brats ſhe nere did breede,
But as my pained ſoule can witnes beare,
H'ers be they; ô I wiſh they neuer were.

Yet on my charge ſhe thruſts her Orphan broode
And ſayes vntruly, that I ſorth them brought,
VVhen I did onely keepe and giue them ſoode
VVhen wandring they for entertainment ſought,
But if that needs your Sons you'le thruſt on me,
Make me a Father, and ile willing be.

Loues complaints.

My flame, like *Lucrece* chaſt, as chaſt as ſhe,
My Faire proud *Tarquin* is, that cruel King
VVho by diſdainfull frownes and tyrannie
My loue and life to wofull end doth bring;
Slaying my harmleſſe loue with cold diſdaine
Which when I pray, ſends back my words againe.

Therefore by *Venus* thou art baniſhed
Like *Tarquin*, from her court and heauenly traine,
Becauſe thoſe whom thou ſhouldſt haue nouriſhed
Thou by contempt haſt iudg'd to endleſſe paine,
Yet though from her thy beauty baniſht be,
My hart will follow ſtill in ſpite of me.

I long

Loues complaints.

I long haue ſeru'd with double diligence
One whom my hart ſtill carefull did awaite,
Fearing to breed to her the leaſt offence,
Dulie attending her without deceite,
But ſhe who once deceiuingly receiu'd me,
After her kind receiuing hath deceiu'd me.

For when I aske of her a ſeruants wage,
She hath denied what I had thought to haue,
And as incenſed in a furious rage,
Denied her ſelfe to giue, and me to craue.
Thus am I poore, wanting what ſhold maintaine
And ſhe vniuſt, vniuſtly to diſdaine me.

Loues complaints.

I ſigh and plaine, and ſpend my dayes in griefe,
Blinde with long looking on my brighteſt ſunne,
VVearie with hoping helpe or her releefe,
Wallowing in woe, whoſe date is neuer done:
Matchleſſe her beautie, excellent and rare,
Matchleſſe my griefe, and paſſing all compare.

I tell my Goddeſſe how I grieue and pine,
And ſhe (like Eccho) grieue and pine ſtill ſaith,
And ſith my Saint doth this to me aſſigne,
VVhat hope remaines of reward for my faith?
Vnleſſe that power which is all diuine,
Forbid diſdaine to plague, my hart to pine.

In

Loues complaints.

In Winters cold ſtormes, and that frozen time,
Each Tree and plant robd of his leauie greene,
Their courſe to VVinters coldnes doe reſigne,
Naked, as though they cloath'd had neuer beene;
Looſing their ſummers pride & ſweeteſt flowers,
VVhen black-fac'd froſtie weather on thē lowers.

But loue, the tree that growes within my hart,
Like to the Palme, ſtill ſpreads, though ſtill oppreſt,
By fierce diſdaines black winter, while my ſmart
Freezeth about the roote, my hapleſſe breſt:
Thus I decay, for hope doth ſtill denie
What growes in VVinter, ſhould in Summer die.

Ceaſe

Loues complaints.

Ceaſe farther breathing of my lifes vnreſt,
To trouble her with plaints, my hart with paine,
Sith I haue ſhew'd my faith, my worſt, my beſt,
And yet ſhe heares not, but I pray in vaine;
And ſith by opening my wound will not heale,
What once I opened now I will conceale.

And to the ſhades Ile whiſper forth my woe,
VVhile gentle *Aura* ſinging all along,
Shall make m'aſcending plaints aloft to goe,
Conſorting in the wailing of my wrong;
And ſince in earth my heauen I cannot moue,
Ile trie if heauens will pittie earthly loue.

But

Loues complaints.

But now my voyce is hoarſe with playning ſtill,
For what to plaine to ſtone will not be hoarſe?
Or ſing to her who nere doth change her will,
Nor touched with a ſparke of ſweete remorſe;
But like an Ecchoing hill, to others eares,
Redoubleth that, what it ſelfe neuer heares.

Therefore in ſilence ſhall my weeping eyes
That ſhe is faire, ſay to my bleeding hart,
My hart ſince that ſhe doth my loue deſpiſe,
Shall ſay ſhee cruell is, and workes my ſmart.
And while I droope in ſlumber of diſpaire,
My tongue ſhall euer cry, ô cruell Faire.

Sed tamen hæret amor, creſcitque dolore repulſæ.

FINIS.

The Legend of Orpheus and Euridice.

ABout that time when as the ſmyling yere
Scorning his garments torne by winters blaſt,
Clothed in freſh array began t'appeare,
And with new buds the fields did ouer-caſt,
Then whē th'aſcending Sun prolong'd the dayes,
Driuing his Chariot to heauens higher waies;

Orpheus euen in the flower of his life,
VVas ioyned to the faire *Euridice*,
Euridice his faire and louely wife,
Then which more faire and louely none could be.
Faire like the ſtarrs, and louely like their *Queene*,
Euen like to *Phebe* was her glory ſeene.

Such

Such was the faire that lay within his breaſt,
The Nectar of his dayes, pure well of life,
Like to Elyſium, fields of happy reſt,
Euen like to thoſe were theſe pure fields of his,
Myrrour of beauty, quainteſt worke of Nature,
And heauens image in an earthly creature.

Image it onely was, and therefore fraile,
The reaſon why it paſt ſo ſoone away,
No ſubſtance, for it ſtraight doth fade and faile,
Sure of his end, vncertaine of his ſtay;
Vnhappie man to looſe ſo coſtly treaſure, (ſure.
Whoſe daies of woe are long, but ſhort of plea-

Hence came the woe that did inwrap his ſoule,
His ſoule encloſed in eternall woe,
And hence the thiefe, the which his Iewell ſtole,
His precious Iewell which he loued ſo,
Hence comes the end of his felicitie,
And here begins his wofull miſerie.

For now where beautie once did tyranize,
Wounding the ſubiects of her regiment,
Swaying her ſcepter in her ſweeteſt eyes,
Filling the world with aſtoniſhment,
There now ſits Death exiling beauties right,
Darkning her beames with his eternall night.

For faire *Euridice*, the faireſt faire
That euer yet dyd blaze her orient ſhine,
Or from a Virgin-breaſt drew pureſt ayre,
To Death doth all her graces now reſigne,
To graceleſſe Death ſhe yeeldeth all her graces,
Who with his Harpey tallands them defaces.

Beautie bright ſtar, ſoone darkned by a clowde,
A bazing Comet, ſoone burnt, ſoone decayed,
A voyce which pgſſeth, though it ſound aloude,
Faire Enſigne, in a fading field diſplayed;
A iem of worth, not priz'd by any coſt,
Yet better not be had, then had be loſt.

Euen

Euen like an apple fallen from the tree,
Shaken by winds, greene fruite, vntimely pluckt,
Or as a ſweeteſt flower, faire to ſee
Fadeth, when as his ſap by wormes is ſuckt,
So falleth ſhe, ô poore vnhappy Maide
Who might haue liu'd if ſhe at home had ſtaide.

But now iniurious Death hath plucked theſe
Faire Lyllies in their chiefeſt flouriſhing,
And like the Dragon of th'*Heſperides*
Shutteth the Gardens gate to enter in,
Cruell Death? which to another doth denie
VVhat he not vſing ſuffereth to die.

So dies *Euridice*, who while abroade
The Sheepheard *Ariſtæus* luſt ſhe fled
Vpon a Serpent ſhe vnwary troade
Where ſhe was ſlaine, in flying ſtrangers bed:
O vniuſt heauens thus to reward the good,
Repaying pureſt deeds with pureſt blood.

But

But now her ſoule freede from her bodies frame
Is come to *Stix* to get her waſtage there,
Vnto thoſe bankes of endleſſe woe ſhe came,
Gaſtly baknes full of horrour and of feare,
Where *Charon* wayteth for the comming ghoaſts
For to tranſport them to the farther Coaſts.

When he her ſaw his hart concean'd a fire,
A fier which the Fiend had neuer felt
His diueliſh hart is tamed by deſire
Which makes his helliſh mind with loue to melt:
Sweet ſhadow which can ſtir vp ſparks of loue:
If it were ſubſtance then how would it moue.

Euen like to one that ſaw *Meduſa's* head
Is Metamorphos'd to a rocky ſtone,
So hands this furie by amazement led
VVhile with her loue his hart is ouer-gone,
He ſwore that he had wafted many faire
But neuer one that might with her compare.

But

nus layd, he droue his Boat vnto the ſhore
And paſs'd her to the happy Eliſian Strand,
The place of ioy where ſhe ſhall weepe no more,
A ſeate of quietnes and happy land;
VVhere, for her purenes ſealed with her blood
She's fed with heauenly drinke, and Angels food.

But now had Fame mounted vpon the ayre,
Spread through the world this wofull Tragedie,
That whiſpring Ecchoe, ſad euents bewrayer,
That pratling Queene of the ayres monarchie:
And told to *Orpheus* that his Loue was dead,
Shee by whom all his pleaſant youth was led.

Which heard, orecome with ſorrow & with griefe,
He falleth downe as in an extaſie,
His mind doth baniſh ioy, and all reliefe,
Forſaking men and humane companie,
VVounded with loue and loſſe of his ſweet Faire
He ouer-whelmed is with deepe deſpaire,

Like

Like to a Marriner, whom boyſtrous windes
Haue throwne into the mercy-wanting waues,
And when no reſt, nor place of hope hee finds,
He weepes, he prayes, he vowes, yet nothing ſaues,
And while he prayeth, and he ſayeth ſo,
He drowned is in waues, his hart in woe.

So he, caſt from his ſhip where he repoſd
The ſcope of all his life and chiefeſt good,
With hopeleſſe waues of black diſpaire incloſd,
Cryes to the heauens, but they his cryes withſtood,
And thus he acts the furie of his rage,
Lying vpon the earth, his trakick ſtage.

To you ô Rocks I will my griefe bewray,
To you I will my griefe and ſorrow tell,
There are no Gods which heare when men do pray,
Or recompence them for their doing well:
And if there be, why did they ſlay my loue,
Whoſe chaſteſt hart could not their hardnes moue

And then he tun'd his siluer-sounding Lute
Warbling in Tragique notes a wofull Ditty,
Mouing dead things, vnsensible and mute
Yet neuer could he moue the Fates to pitty,
He mou'd the dead to pitty those that liue
Which to the dead the liuing would not giue.

And now he takes his sweetest Instrument
And throwes it from him, scorning worldly ioy,
While with his fingers he his haire doth rent
Himselfe the agent of his owne anoy,
Swearing that since his soule is gone away,
His body shall on earth no longer stay.

Then like a Bird bereaued of her young
Her dearest young whom she so long had fed,
Sitting vpon a bush she sweetly sung
In wayling funerall Anthems for the dead.
He doth lament her death and his vnrest,
And thus he plaines the woe which him oppress.

Orpheus and Eurid.

O curſed *Phorcinean* helliſh brood,
Vnnaturall, which kill where you ſhould kiſſe,
Inuenoming that heauen-infuſed blood
VVhich was within that ſacred wall of bliſſe,
Faire wall within whoſe cloaſure once I dwelled,
But now by cruell Death I am expelled.

O would I were but banisht from that wall
Then ſhould I hope at length to ſee my Loue,
But now no Oſtraciſme can me recall
Whom euerlaſting exile doth remoue,
The ſlyding time and dayes and yeeres may paſſe,
But yet I ſhall remaine euen as I was.

Vnhappy man the ſubiect of misfortune,
Borne, and therefore borne to miſerie,
Whoſe very birth doth comming woe importune
VVhoſe lyfe a ſad continuall Tragedie,
Himſelfe the Actor in the world the Stage,
While as the acts are meaſur'd by his age.

Such is my life, a wofull Tragick ſtory,
Whoſe entrance pleaſeth but his end is ſad,
So I, once happy, now haue loſt my glory,
The glory of my dayes which once I had;
And now my life is but a gloomy night
And darkſome ſhade remoued from the light.

Gape earth, and let thy entrals be diſcloſed,
And ſwollow him, whom griefe hath ſwollowed,
For ſhe on whom my reſt I had repoſed
From whom my life and light I borrowed
Lyes clouded in *Cymmerian*-ſhadowed night
VVho once did leade my obiect-pleaſed ſight.

The faire attractiue Adamants of her eyes,
Now are diſpoiled of their vertues force
And what with wonder-lookers did ſurprize,
Now is but pale earth and a ſenceleſſe corſe,
A Temple and a Saints celeſtiall ſhrine
Whoſe Image theeues haue ſpoild thogh al diuine.

When

VVhen firſt my mounting Sunne began t'appeare
It ſcornd the clouds, and what might dim his light,
And higher climed vp aloft, more cleare,
Increaſing both in clearenes and in height,
But now his light with vapours is obſcurd
And that himſelfe hurts, which himſelfe procurd.

Her beauty by her force attractiue drew me
And drawne, led me Captiue by her pleaſure,
And Captiue, by her loſſe vnkindly ſlew me,
And loſt, ſhe robd me of my chiefeſt treaſure,
Her beauty is the cauſe of all my woe
Her beauty was the cauſe I lou'd her ſo.

Euen lyke that beaſt, which ſeauen-mouthd *Nilus*
A flattring teare-deceauing Crocodile (breeds,
VVhoſe pleaſing glances, and falſe looking feeds
The trauailer vntermined by his guile,
Who while his ruine he ſuſpects leaſt
Is torne in peeces by that cruell Beaſt.

So I drawne by ſweet beauties Orient ſhine
That faire-alluring ſoule-enticing baite,
I did my ſeruice and my loue aſſigne
To beauty and her ſweetnes ſtill awaite: (hold
Where when I thought t'haue caſt mine Anker
My thought by vnhappy fates was ſoone cõtrold.

Ah fickle Fortune whoſe ſtil-turning wheele
Importeth change of men, and change of ſtates,
VVho in the Ocean of their woe doe reele,
Toſſed by aduerſe tempeſts of the Fates:
Men dye, and humane kind doth paſſe away
But woe, that makes them die doth euer ſtay.

This is the Samian ſoule that paſſeth ſtill,
Departing from the dead to them that ſtay,
This is the tree growing on the Muſes hill
That neuer dying ſtill-renued Bay:
This is the Sea that ſomtime back doth goe,
But ſtill it comes againe and back doth flow.

But

But whether now transported in my mourning?
Tears cannot change what Gods haue fore-decreed,
Nor plaints can cause my faire be back returning,
Sorrow, not comfort these my moanes will breed,
Let this suffice, my loue all faires did passe
And I vnhappiest as she faireſt was.

But now vnto the dungeon of despaire,
Auernus iawes and lothsome *Erebus*,
Vnto those hopelesse denns I will repaire
Which though they fearefull be and hideous,
Yet will I try to moue them by my prayer
To pitty me and and send againe my fayre.

Then lifting vp his limbs, consum'd with griefe
Leauing the top of that cloud-clyming hill,
He goes vnto the Valley for reliefe
VVhose concaue bosome fountaine springs doe fill,
VVhich from the ayrie mountaines opening side,
Softly fall downe and through the Valley glide.

And

And with the driſling drops that ſeem'd to weepe
He waſht his face made filthy by his teares,
VVhile as the Well a courſe doth ſeeme to keepe
And in the weeping conſort burthen beares,
The Well runnes on, his teares doe neuer ſtay
VVhich with his teares the other wipes away.

But thence he goes and leaues the weeping Well
VVhich euer mournes in teare-diſtilling drops
VVhich from the hollow of the Mountaine fell,
VVhoſe courſe no ſtay can let, no Sommer ſtops,
But creeping forth from out the pores aboue
It mournes in pureſt ſtreames his pureſt loue.

Downe in the boſome of the gaping ground
A fearefull Chaſma openeth darkſome dennes
VVhere to th'infernall kingdome way is found,
Leading along to th'*Acheruſian* Fennes,
VVhere no ſtarre, nor the fiery globed Sunne
Is euer ſeene his wonted courſe to runne.

Darke

Orpheus and Euridice.

Darke Night, the Captaine of th'infernall bands
VVrappeth their fearefull habitation,
Couering thoſe deuill-inhabited Lands
VVith ſhades fit for ſuch fields of deſolation,
VVhere waſtnes mantled in black fearefulnes
Is deſtinated place for wickednes.

Euen at the gate ſtand Horrour and Deſpaire
VVounding the ſoules that paſſe to *Acheron*
VVithin, th'*Euminides* with ſ∫aky haire,
Affraight the Spirits which doe paſſe along,
VVhile Furies for their faults and former ſin
Teare them as ſoone as they are entred in.

Vpon a ſtately chaire of Ebon wood
VVas ſet the rau'ſher of *Perſephone*,
And by him Fiends and damned ſpirits ſtood
Like Heraulds to prepare his gaſtly way,
VVhile he appoints the ſoules their puniſhment,
VVhich from earth to his kingdome are ſtill ſent.

There

There commeth *Orpheus* through the darkſome way
Led ſtill by loue in this *Cymmerian* Cell,
Hoping within this darke to finde his day,
And find his heauen in the loweſt hell:
Neuer was ſuch a forme and louely face,
Incloſd in ſuch a darke and vgly place.

A ſhyning Comet in a gloomie night,
A Phœnix in a vaſt Arabia,
Phœbe in ſhadowed places ſending light,
Her beautie is the beames & ſhe the day, (bright,
Sweet day whoſe morne is faire whoſe noone moſt
Happy they, who of ſuch noones can haue ſight.

But now it is in hell impriſonned,
Where *Orpheus* comes (for where feares loue to go)
Not frighted by the ſpirits of the dead,
Nor gaſtly ſights of damned Fiends below,
Thinking that ſince he loſt his ſweeteſt loue,
The heauens cannot torment his hart aboue.

Then

Orpheus and Euridice.

Then downe he ſits vpon a rockie ſtone,
Before the deuills ghoſt-attended gate,
And in his ſong his miſery doth mone,
While as his conſcience tells him tis too late:
Then taking out his Harpe, he ſweetly playd,
And to ſend back his loue, the Gods he prayed.

(Pardon ſweet Gentles that with daring quill,
To chaunt his ſweeteſt ſtraines I ſhould preſume,
He is better memoriz'd with little skill
Then that his name obliuion ſhould conſume:
And yet becauſe for loue we both decay,
Like him I may not ſing, yet like him ſay.)

But now the ghoſts reſorted all about
Like Bees of *Hibla*, to his melodie,
The troupes of helliſh ſpirits iſſued out,
To heare his hart-inchaunting harmonie,
VVhen thus in mourning tunes the Poet ſung,
While as his hands kept true time w his tongue.

Yee

YE powers below within eternall ſhade,
You Fates that turne your not returning wheele
Now helpe him whom you haue vnhappy made,
Free him from woe, who now hell woes doth feele,
Euridice is ſhe, my ſorrowes ſource, (courſe.
The ſpring from whence my griefe doth take his

And thou ô King of hell, if euer loue
Poſſeſt thy hart, thy loue-entiſed hart,
Then let my miſery thy mercy moue,
And thinking on thine owne, regard my ſmart;
Thou art a King, yet thou to loue didſt bow,
And I but pore, yet loue aſwell as thou.

The Sunne on rich & poore alike doth ſhine,
The glaſſe doth looke as bright as doth the gold,
Nature doth equally vs gifts aſſigne,
Caſting our frame within our terren mold:
The ſoule of great men may more glorious be,
They haue but louing harts, and ſo haue we.

There-

Therefore giue pittie which thou once didſt craue,
Send back my faire, and ſend againe my life,
What hurts one miſerable ſoule to ſaue,
And giue to me againe my louely wife?
Thouſands of ghoſts within your kingdoms dwell
And I doe aske but one to come from hell.

Elſe ſlaine with woe and ouer-come with griefe,
Here will I ſtay till Death ſhall ceaze my ſoule,
Refuſing all externall vayne reliefe,
And what my deſperate ſorrow may controule:
Here take a carkaſſe, but a mangled part,
For ſhee long ſince hath carried hence my hart.

Here take a martred ſoule conſum'd with fire,
Here take the aſhes of my Phœnix loue,
Conſumde in his owne incenſed deſire,
Here take a ſolitarie dying Doue,
VVho hauing loſt his ſweeteſt louing mate,
Yeeldeth vnto his fellowes cruell fate.

And take a ſhadow and an emptie ghoſt,
VVhere ſubſtance perriſhed when ſhe was gone,
And then ô cruell, of your doings boaſt,
That you fierce three haue ſlaine a man alone:
A man conſum'd with harts loue-burning feuer,
VVho ſtill is dying, but he dieth neuer.

This, though not thus, the iſſues of his paine,
VVith teares, the Elixars of his harts diſeaſe,
VVhich flowed like to drops of trickling raine,
He volloied from his hard diſpoyld of eaſe:
Eaſe, like a Summers ſleepe inticing night,
No ſooner come, but ſtraight it yeeldes to light.

The ſpring of life where all ſweet ioyes doe flouriſh,
But yeelding ſoone to Autumns tyranny,
The fountaine which ỹ leſſer ſtreames doth nouriſh,
But by the ſunnes heate, ſoone exhaled dry,
A ſhip amidſt ſome rock iniurde ſeas, (waies.
Which ſildome paſſeth through thoſe dangerous

But

BVt now theſe helliſh ghoſts whoſe troubled eares
Neuer heard any thing but mones and cryes,
Their mouthes with curſes fild, their harts w feares,
And yellings, like a rauing man that dies,
Although invred to farre ſadder ſights,
Yet rue his woe, though far more wofull wights.

Like as the flower inricht inhabitants,
VVhich on *Himettus* build their waxen walles,
VVhen as the company a Regent wants,
And the nobilitie a counſaile calls.
They mutter all in a confuſed noyſe,
And while they ſpeak all, all confound the voice

So theſe, each telling what his moued minde
Thought for the helping of this wofull man,
Raiſe vp a rumor like a furious wind,
Which when we blowing ſee, ſee neuer can.
But tumbling in an vndiſtinguiſht ſound,
All ſeeking to be heard, all hearing drownd.

Yet

Yet by the ſeeming voyces conſent
The King their inward meaning vnderſtood,
And for the faire *Euridice* he ſent,
VValking alone within the Mirtle wood,
VVhich is by Loue vnto thoſe ſoules aſſignd,
Whom he once ſeruing, him did ſlay vnkind.

Now forth ſhe comes wrapt in a ſable weede,
And pitchie darknes a farre ſadder hue,
Still carefull, looking backward, taking heed,
As though the luſtfull Shepheard did purſue
Sweet chaſtitie which ſtill deceiuing flyes,
And though her ſubiect's dead, yet neuer dies.

Her on condition he deliuereth,
That when in going he turnd back againe,
It ſhould be to her as a ſecond death,
Returning backe where ſhe doth now remaine;
Nor euer ſhould he gaine by plaint or prayer,
But onely this, that he ſhould ſtill diſpaire.

Glad

GLad with this gift, whose worth is nothing W
He takes with thanks his long desired loue,
And from that hellish Armie issueth forth,
Hoping that now his ioy will nere remoue;
Blind loue, deceiud with shadowes loosing t
Such are th'affections of vnbrideled youth.

As *Io* walking by the Riuers side
VVhereas her watry Father slides along,
Glad, yet enforc'd her inward ioy to hide,
Concealing both her comfort and her wrong,
Because she sees her Father, she is glad,
And sith she doth but see him, she is sad.

So *Orpheus* hauing in possession,
Yet not possessing what he thought he had,
Forbidden once to see his sweetest one,
In ioy he mournes, in mourning he is glad,
But suddaine ioy o'recomming sorrowes might,
Obtaines the place & claimes the kingdoms right.

inde man, whoſe weake vnſtable yeelding hart,
quiets harbour and deſired reſt,
inks that his fortune neuer will depart,
t knowing things decline, once at the beſt.
he higher is the hill, the deeper dale,
The higher is our ſeate, the greater fall.

Blinde with his fortune, changing tragick notes
To ioyfull Sonnets of his loues delight,
Like to an old man when his fancies dotes,
Drawne by ſome eye-pleaſing goodly ſight;
So *Orpheus*, ouer-come with beauties light,
Darkneth his ſences with this clowdie night.

And now doth Loue the guide, the way prepare,
Through foggy miſts of pitchie mantled hell,
VVhilſt *Orpheus* rauiſht with his ſweeteſt faire,
Followeth a pace, ſince ioy doth care expell.
She whoſe preſaging hart no ioy could finde,
Followed, hurt in her foote, hurt in her mind.

And

And tarrying long through theſe vnknowne waies,
Not following, as loue guided him before,
But ſomtimes goes, & ſomtimes breathing ſtayes,
Sighing, as though his hart ſhould ſigh no more,
But as incloſed in a wall of paine,
She ſeekes to breake that curſed wall in twaine.

Now he whom loue had made to flye in haſt,
Doubting leaſt ſhe ſhould once againe returne,
Raſhly lookes back, forgetting promiſe paſt,
And loſt the fire wherein he yet did burne:
She flyes, he cryes, and yet ſhe ſtill doth flie,
He cryes, ſhe flies, and yet he ſtill doth cry.

Like as a ſeruaunt of God *Aeolus*,
VVhen he in meſſage ſends him forth abroade,
VVith tumbling force, and raging tirannous,
He throwes downe towers that in his iourney ſtood
And flying, neuer ſtayeth where he was,
And paſſing by the ſight all ſight doth paſſe.

So ſhe, whē he had thought t' haue gently ſtaid her,
Whirles thence diſtraught by enuious ſpirits might,
And when to ſtay with him he humbly praid her,
Shee leaues at once his prayer and his ſight.
And cryes aloude, ſcarce comming to his eare,
That ſhe vnwilling, left her louer there.

Now robbed of his guarde which him attended,
Loue and his loue too louely long to ſtay,
There came diſpaire from darknes deepe aſcended,
None but diſpaire doth leade him in his way,
VVho when he ſummons hope to end his woe,
Still doth reply, and aunſwering, ſayth no.

Now doth he caſt him downe along the ground,
And plaines her beauties loſſe, his hapleſſe chaunce,
His eyes amiſſe, his harts vncured wound,
And ſayes, ſuch was her grace, her countenaunce,
And ſtill accuſing all, and all to late,
Thus doth he mourne his poore vnhappy ſtate.

Come

Orpheus and Enridice.

Come forth my ſoule with ſorrow ouer-caſt,
Clad in woes colours, and black ſable weedes,
Tell how thy glory is quite defaſt,
Tell what thy death procures, thy ruine breedes,
Accompanied onely with diſpaire,
And thoſe black deans, once lightned by by faire.

Tell how that beautie is a bitter ſweet,
Whoſe getting care, whoſe looſing greater woe,
And with our eares it ſoone away doth fleete,
And when age commeth, how it back doth goe,
And then the faire, o'recome by beauties foe,
Can onely weeping ſay, we haue been ſo.

Tell how mans hart, like to the Summer duſt,
Is toſſed ſtill by Fortunes boyſterous wind,
And how his ſences ſoone doe yeeld to luſt,
Whoſe gate they back returning nere can finde,
Such pleaſing foode to fancies it doth giue,
That there we loue to lye, and lying liue.

Tell how thy woe ſurpaſſeth worldly griefe,
The Labarinth wherein I am incloſde,
VVhoſe end ſtill endeth with the end of life,
A burthen, neuer friend once impoſde:
Her forme diuine, diuine doth euer ſtay,
My woe, her forme, ſo will this nere decay.

VVhile I accord, and from my hart that dies
VVhom feare hath wrapt in an eternall couer,
Send ſighes to eaſe the burthen that here lyes,
As ſighes can eaſe the burthen of a Louer,
And when that death denies thee to deplore,
Thē weep becauſe heele let thee weepe no more.

Meane-while in precepts will I warne thee reſt,
VVhoſe thoughts are pure from any luſtfull blot,
Nere to forſake this Iewell once poſſeſt,
VVhich if defild, will euer beare the ſpot,
Telling to them what I haue deerely bought,
O better had it been to ſtay vntaught.

And when this earth, now form'd in humane shape,
Shall giue surrender to his enemie,
Yeelding vnto the graue which wide doth gape,
Still full, yet neuer fild with crueltie,
Then will I lye whereas my faireſt is,
In shades our soules, in earth our corps shal kisse.

Ending his plaints the showers of his woe,
VVhich doe vnloade the cloudes of griefe & care,
He to the Isle hills of Thrace doth goe,
VVhose stately tops the worlds spectators are.
Rhodope, now Thraces hill, once Thraces Queene,
And *Hemus* who before a King had beene.

Here he, where winds alone & Isle doe dwell,
Taketh his restles rest, vneasie ease,
Thinking by other cares his cares t'expell,
And with this cold his hote flames to appease,
For quiet euer makes the subiect worse,
Of idlenes and sinne, the wicked Nurse.

And

And here he makes a heauenly harmonie,
Whose force diuine doth melt th'indurate frost,
And where those Meteors once made al things die,
Now spoyld themselues, their loftie seats haue lost.
And trees from out the humble Groues do rise,
Whose Syluan company their roome supplyes.

And now those hills, whose hoary tops before
Threatned th'inhabitants eternall warre,
Darting of Isie heapes continuall store,
Tumbling from high, like to a falling starre,
And with the frozen trumpe which *Boreas* sounds
Forbidding all to come within their bounds.

These now relenting from their former pride,
Do yeeld their necks to make a common way
VVhile their congealed water downe doth glide,
Which erst did threaten, stately still to stay;
Sweet Adamant, bright sunne, the light of loue,
Whose force is such, that it all force can moue.

Harmo-

Orpheus and Euridice.

Harmonious conſent, muſick all diuine,
A mouing tongue, whoſe Rhetorick doth delight,
Hart-drawing mirth, the ſoules celeſtiall wine
VVhich drowns the ſences with his pleaſing might
The ſpheres ſweet motion, heauens ſecond frame,
To which it ſtill is like from whence it came.

Allured by this ſweet alluring good,
Vnto this Syren all the Thracians came,
VVhom when they heard, as rauiſhed they ſtood,
Their ſences pleaſed, yet ſpoiled by the ſame.
They ſwore that *Maias* ſonne was come againe,
Such was his heauenly hart-pleaſing paine.

Holding them bound within theſe ſiluer bands,
VVhoſe links were ſtronger then that net of golde
VVhich tangled *Venus*, wrought by *Vulcans* hands,
He left his muſick, and in precepts told
The vanitie of life, and wandring waies,
Which ſtill we miſerable tread in all our dayes.

And

And how the ſoule, by bodies ſenſuall pleaſure,
Pineth impriſoned in this lothſome layle,
VVhoſe fetters ſinne increaſeth without meaſure,
VVhich rules the body when the forces faile;
And ſtill, as burthen of his mortall ſong,
He tells of womens woes, of womens wrong.

How they intrap the fearefull innocent,
And teach them lothed paths of ſinfull ſhame,
And how their luſt-defiled ſoules are bent,
To ſlay ſweet Chaſtities diuineſt name;
Paire good long ſought for, ſweet obtained reſt,
Elicæs iewell, Coronet of the beſt.

And how they dig the pits of humaine woe,
In which they faine, ſeeke to throw downe other,
And how inſtructing in the darke they goe,
Seeking to ioyne our ſoules and ſinne together:
Gires, which change mens nature into beaſts,
vvhen they haue fild thē with luſts ſenſual feaſts.

VVhoſe

Orpheus and Euridice.

VVhoſe life mens death, whoſe beautie is the fire
To which like blinded birds men take their flight,
vvhen they for all our loue and harts deſire.
Conſume our harts, and blinde our dazeled ſight;
Iulia can witnes, and my hart ſo much,
And yet I dare not ſay that ſhe is ſuch.

Thus doth he teach the precepts of his care,
vvhich W dear pennaunce he too dear hath bought,
For which his ſences now repented are
That they no ſooner had this knowledge ſought.
But Fortune ſo our hidden chaunce doth caſt,
That euer woe comes firſt, and knowledge laſt.

Now ſtill he cryes to flye that weaker kinde,
And addeth baſe diſhonour to their name,
And ſayes that nature firſt hath them aſſign'd
As plagues to kindle mens deſtructions flame:
vvhoſe heate once ruling in our inner parts,
Doth neuer die, but with our dying harts.

But

But what, my chaſter Muſe doth bluſh to heare
The onely fault and ſinne of this his youth,
It ſhames to tell vnto anothers eare,
Somtimes it profits to conceale the truth;
Better it were none knew the way to ſinne,
For knowing none, then none would enter in.

Hee in this path ſette his defiled foote,
vvhich leades vnto the tree of ſinne and ſhame,
VVoe is his fruite, and wickednes his roote,
Both theſe he taſted, and to both he came;
Such are the ſnares which craftie ſinne doth lay,
That iuſteſt men doe ſtumble in theyr way.

Now he doth teach the ſoule to ſinne by Art,
And breake the Law which Nature had ordaind,
And from her auncient cuſtoms to depart,
vvhich ſtill ere this were kept vntoucht, vnſtaind,
Teaching to ſpoyle the flower of that kinde,
VVhoſe flower neuer yet could any find.

O vncouth bastard of some hellish Syre,
Borne in a deuils Conuocation,
Vile bloody sword, forg'd in eternall fire,
Engine of woe, and leading to damnation;
Erinis of-spring, enemy of Nature,
First found in hell, not by an earthly creature.

The *Calidonian* Boare which Gods haue sent
For to destroy the gardens of the blest,
VVhose bloody tuskes in shiuering peeces rent
The daintie young brought vp in beauties nest,
Virginities defrauder, Autumnes cold,
vvhich hurts the bud ere it the leaues vnfold.

And now heau'ns brightest eye asham'd to see
That vice in vertues name should be pretended,
He hides his fiery lookes, & then frõ thence doth flie
And wraps the earth in darknes, as offended,
Vayling th'Horizon with the duskie night,
Not lending loathed vice his purest sight.

And

And thoſe bright Tapers of the higheſt hall
Gently affording men their golden ſhine,
Vnto their nightly reſt the world doe call,
The Watchmen which great Nature doth aſſigne,
Plac'd in the heauens time-outlaſting wall
To deck their ſeate and comfort vs with all.

But he within whoſe hart ſat diſcontent,
The Vultur which doth gnaw his pained breaſt
And ſorrow which doth bid him ſtill repent,
Not ſuffering the ſoule to take his reſt,
Still watcheth nothing can his wound redreſſe
VVhoſe onely quiet is vnquietnes.

And comming from the hils cloud kiſſing top
He ſpends the nights in reſts controling plaints,
And like a lofty tree that wants a prop
Beaten with ſorrowes winds all weary ſaints,
And to the Moone his ſad laments did poure
Who moued ſeemd, and wept a dewy ſhoure.

But

But now the Sunne ſent forth her Siſters Coach
As Harbinger for to prepare her way,
To warne the world his ſtately Carres approach
Whoſe fiery ſteeds breath forth the lightning day,
While *Thetis* mournes that he from thence is fled
Leauing the pleaſures of her watry bed.

When *Orpheus* walking through the Thracian fields
In wonted ſighes ſtill wailes his miſery,
Whoſe ſad complaint to no time euer yields,
For time may paſſe, but cares will neuer dye,
And ſtill the ſurging billowes of our ſmart
Follow each other in a troubled hart.

Thus while he plaines, the *Cicones* of Thrace
Armd with reuenge the thunder of their Ire,
As ſoone as they had ſeene his guilty face
Runne like fierce dogs to get their ſought deſire,
And ceazing on his haire aloud they crie
Now will we all reuenge our iniurie.

Euen

Euen as a Deare whom darts hath deadly wounded
And bleeding downe vpon the ground doth lye
Hearing the horne death's passing bell still sounded
VVith mournfull teares bedewed all doth dye;
So he surprized by messengers of death,
With tears & moans yields forth his weary breath

And as a tree whom *Ioues* fierce darts of thunder
Haue riuen all in peeces by their force,
So is this heauenly Poet heere brought vnder,
And by their might left but a mangled corse
Rented in shiuering peeces like a wall
Whom *Aquilo* hath forced downe to fall.

And now these dainty Actors of delight,
Sweet fingers motors of a heauenly noyse
VVhose power hearers sences rauisht quite,
Drownd in pleasure by that motiue voyce,
Like *Phœbus* stately Chariot scattered lye
VVhen *Phaeton* sat ruler on the skye.